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ON AMATORY POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EVERY age has characteristics peculiar to itself, by which it is distinguished from the preceding times, and by which it is described to posterity. The British nation at present exhibits among its literary productions, a mixture of puritanical strictness on the one hand, and of polished licentiousness on the other, and both sides seem equally resolved. While one, therefore, under a serious apprehension of the decline of national morality, is strenuously occupied in reprobating and reviling the alleged depravity of modern manners, their opponents roused into resistance, appear no less determined to assert what they consider to be the cause of liberal and enlightened society. One party can see no evil except in the refinement of luxury; the other dreads nothing so much, as an approach towards a state of intolerance and superstition. This conflict of opinions is deserving of attention. It has proceeded further than probably either of the parties concerned in it originally intended; it has produced much vexation, and if pertinaciously and acrimoniously persisted in, the consequences ensuing from it may prove highly detrimental to the repose and welfare of the country.

Amatory writings are already nearly interdicted, as tending only to inflame the passions, and corrupt the morals. Philosophers, as Fielding observes, admitted this species of writing into their closets; and examples of the most virtuous authors of every period and country, might be cited, who have amused themselves with describing in their writings the effects of this most important and elegant affection of the mind.

It is pretty obvious, however, that the Greek and Roman writers, with the exception perhaps of Anacreon and Catullus, had little or none of that delicacy of sentiment, and variety of fancy, so essentially necessary to raise and animate the poetry of love. "It has been often remarked," says Mr. Moore, "that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry, and we are told that there was too much sincerity in their love, to trifle with the semblance of passion. But I cannot admit that they were any thing more constant than the moderns; they felt all the same dispositions of the heart, though they knew nothing of those seductive graces, by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable." This is doubtless correct; there was no sentiment—

none of that refinement of passion, which seeks refuge in its own voluptuousness, among the earlier writers of antiquity; they were either all frigidity, or grossness; the union of sportiveness with feeling, they were strangers to, for when they attempted to be pathetic, they generally descended to pitiful lamentation, and when they sought to express the fervency of passion, they were commonly obscene. Ovid, in the midst of his encomiums on Augustus, has not forgotten, in the same epistle, to make his apology to the charge laid against him of corrupting the Roman youth by the licentiousness of his poetry. He pleads the example of other poets, and does not except even Virgil, the chastest of them all, whose episode of Dido and Eneas is a continued scene of illicit love, and yet, says he, there is no part of his works half so much read as this.

Nec legitur pius ulla magis de corpore
toto
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.
Epist. ad August.

The truth is, that those who judge of poets in general by a few detached passages from their productions, must form a very inferior estimate of their character, and impute to them criminal propensities, of which they might not have been guilty. To infer the habits of a man from the looseness of his writings, is what Catullus, as well as Ovid and Martial, have cautioned their readers not to do. What the Bard of Sirmio says in the following lines, has been felt and understood in all ages.

Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsam; versiculos nihil necesse est,
Qui tum denique habent salem et leporem,
Si sint melliculi et parem pudici.

Lyric, 17.

And we learn also from Pliny the younger, that however blameless the manners of a poet should be, his verses may be playful, and even lascivious. In the 14th Ep. of Lib. 4, speaking of the Hendecasyllables of Catullus, which he sent to his friend *Paternus*, he goes on thus, "Ex quibus tamen si nonnulla tibi paulo petulantiora videbuntur, erit eruditionis tuæ cogitare, summos illos et gravissimos viros, qui talia scripserunt, non modo lascivia rerum, sed ne nudis quidem verbis abstinuisse: quæ nos refugimus, non quia severiores, sed quia timidiore sumus. Scimus alioqui hujus operculi illam esse verissimam legem quam CATULLUS expressit." He then subjoins the foregoing verses.

Some of the first names of antiquity were among the admirers of the Milesian Tales, in which the *amatory style* of writing was carried to its utmost luxuriancy. In modern times the example of the Queen of Navarre, well known as a pious and a wise princess, who has in her Tales rivalled the ancient Milesian authors, is sufficient to show that it has no shade of immorality about it.

To the laws of Chivalry, which required that a knight should be qualified to sing the praises of her, for whom he aspired to contend, may probably be attributed the partiality for amatorial composition, so observable in the earlier bards of this country. Their productions, however, seldom breathe that fervour of soul, that seductive tenderness, so indispensably requisite in similar effusions of the present day. Their songs were principally occupied with descriptive eulogium, or an ostentatious and hyperbolical display of the beauties and qualifications of their mistresses.—During the reign of Henry VIII. by whose example the current of fashion became diverted in favour of

gallantry, Petrarch was much studied, and not unsuccessfully imitated by Surrey and Wyatt. Queen Elizabeth fettered the originality of description by requiring adulatory strains to herself; though she nevertheless encouraged the prevailing predilection for love verses. Harrington, Sidney, Raleigh, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakspeare, Donne, and Jonson, assiduously courted, under her auspices, the smiles of the softer muse. Cowley in the succeeding age affirms, that "poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be *true to love*." His own ideas of truth and constancy are ludicrous enough.

"Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness and wit in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace:
If all fail yet—'tis womankind.
Him who loves always *one* why should
they call
More constant than the man who loves
them *all*."

With a display of learning that generally borders on pedantry, and a vigour that often degenerates into roughness, the poetry of Cowley must be admired rather for its wit than warmth. With Propertius,* he makes love rather like a school-master than a poet.

Neither the pedantry of James I., nor the turbulence experienced during the reign of his unfortunate successor, appears to have silenced the strains dedicated by genius to beauty. Drummond, Carew, Waller, Habington, Lovelace, and Herrick, exhibit the progressive improvement of this species of literary homage, though certainly not the perfection of style in which it should be conveyed. In the writings of Carew, Herrick, and Love-

lace, however, a greater degree of sentiment and refinement will be found, than in the productions of their, nevertheless, elegant contemporaries, with a melody of versification, which has not often been excelled even in more modern times. As these writers have been carefully excluded from most of the orthodox collections of British Poetry, we shall by quoting one or two of their poems, convince our readers of the justness of our remarks.

Carew is reported to have been born in Gloucestershire, about the year 1577, and in addition to the advantages resulting from a university education, is said to have travelled a great deal in various parts of the world. His qualifications were of such a nature as procured him the general esteem of the witty and fashionable of his age, and even attracted the attention of Charles I. who appointed him to a situation about his person. Most of his poetical pieces are addressed to CELIA, who was unquestionably the goddess of his idolatry.—For her only he appears to have entertained a real affection, and in her alone he seems to have been disappointed. He died in 1634. The following little poem, in the style of a Canzonet of Camoens, entitled, "Just like Love," is extremely beautiful, and for sweetness of versification may rival even the poetry of the present day. It is supposed to have been addressed to Celia.

Ask me, why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me, why I send to you
This Primrose all bepearled with dew?
I straight will whisper in your ears
The sweets of love are wash'd with
tears!

Ask me, why this flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me, why the stalk is weak,
And bending yet it doth not break?
I must tell you these discover
That doubts and fears are in a lover!

* See preface to Little's Poems.

Herrick, who as we before observed, was contemporary with Carew, was born in London, August 24, 1591. and having taken the degree of M. A. in 1629, was afterwards promoted to the vicarage of Dean Prior, Devonshire. Being ejected from this preferment under the protectorate, he experienced all the inconveniences of penury till his restoration to the living in 1660. That Herrick was not *platonick* in his amours, may be inferred from the reproach of his Julia, "Herrick, thou art too coarse for love." There is much sweetness and tenderness in the following address to one of his favourites.

TO ANTHEA.

Bid me to live and I will live
Thy protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
It shall do so for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under yon cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

His Hymn to Venus is also in his best style:—

Goddess, I do love a girl
Ruby-lipt, and toothed with pearl!
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love;
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offered up to thee!

Lovelace, since the elegant reprint of his poems, edited by Mr. Singer, is better known to the lovers of poetry than either Herrick or Carew. His Address to Althea from Prison, is so exquisite a spirit of tenderness, that we cannot for-

bear quoting the two first stanzas of it:—

When Love, with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the gates,
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye.—
The birds that wanton in the air
Have no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am fire,—
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Among the poets also to whom we are indebted for an amelioration of our taste and language, Daniel and Drummond are entitled to particular distinction; and it is somewhat singular that Waller, who was so essentially deficient in the chief constituents of Amatory excellence, whose style was pedantick, and whose compliments were frequently overstrained and unnatural, should have enjoyed a reputation so superiour to what he merited, since he is no more to be compared to his contemporary Carew, than the Propertius of the Latins is to their Catullus.

Under the reign of Charles II. influenced probably by the dissoluteness of the times, the poetry of love, with very few exceptions, lost that tenderness and chivalrous feeling peculiar to it before, and degenerated into mere common place trifling, or coarse and disgusting voluptuousness. Without deteriorating the productions of most of the poets who have intervened, we may affirm that it has been reserved for the present age completely to restore its character. It is only within these last twenty years that amatory composition has attained to superlative excellence in this

country ; for we may safely aver, in other writers. The fastidious-
 that from Catullus to our own times, ness of the present age would fain
 no writer has exhibited such ex- denounce *love* as an improper sub-
 quisite perfection in his art as Mr. ject for poetry ; but the Bards of
 Moore. He has all the requisites Greece and Rome, as well as most
 for an amatory poet : namely, ten- of those who have flourished in our
 derness, pathos, delicacy, and bril- own country, were of a very differ-
 liancy of fancy. Like the dervise ent opinion and treated on it in a
 of the Arabian Tales he seems to style, infinitely more liable to de-
 throw his very soul into the "be- preciate morality than Mr. Moore
 ings of his imagining," and to in- has done. It will be said that pre-
 spire every subject upon which he vious example cannot justify pre-
 touches with some charm unknown sent impropriety ; this we allow,
 to it before : some grace, which till but it may in some measure excuse
 then it had been thought incapable it, and passages from Milton, Pope,
 of receiving. There is such a com- Prior, Thomson, and many others
 pression of sentiment, such a *Greek-* equally renowned for morality and
ness, if we may be allowed the ex- genius, might be adduced, which
 pression, in the most trivial of his rival some of the worst of Mr.
 compositions, as to make them Moore's verses. We do not there-
 worth whole epics of the day ; and fore mean to assert, that his muse
 though his muse is a lady whose de- is exactly what she ought to be, but
 portment has not been at all times we think she is of a beautiful and
 the most correct, yet the extreme commanding exterior, and not
 beauty of the strains she has dic- much the worse for having a mole
 tated, will doubtless incline persons or two upon her face.*
 of feeling and liberality to pardon her piccadilloes. Indeed, upon the
 whole, we think there has been too great a degree of severity exercised
 in regard to Mr. Moore's verses, considering what has been tolerated

* Seneca used to compare Ovid's poems to a fine face, "*Decentior em aiebat esse faciem, in qua aliquis navus exstaret.*"

ORIGIN OF AN ARCTICK COLONY.

From the European Magazine, for Nov. 1818.

(Concluded from page 215.)

ON the Gold Bringe Syssel, or large promontory on the south-west coast of Iceland, is a small hamlet of huts, once inhabited by exiles from the coast of Norway.* A boat was found about nine hundred years ago upon this coast, with neither oar nor sail, but with the half-dead body of a fair woman laid beside a chest. Thurida, whose

name has been rendered famous in songs recording the love of the great Biorn, who visited the North Pole for her sake, was still young and beautiful at that period, and strove to revive the female stranger. No persuasion could induce her to explain by what means she came to a country so remote, though she seemed to comprehend the language of its inhabitants. She called herself a native of the Hebrides, offered to assist in the labours of the field and loom, and desired no recompense but peaceable permission

* The Eyrbyggja saga, or Annals of Iceland in 1264, records a similar occurrence.

to reside there for one year. Thurida took her to her own hut, and by degrees conceived great friendship for her unknown guest, whose meekness and beauty were remarkable, though she had lost her left eye. One evening, after they had visited the Helgafells, or holy mount where the altar and silver ring are deposited, Thurida imposed an oath of secrecy on the fair woman, and entreated her aid in a grievous emergency. Unknown to her brother Snorro, she was on the point of giving birth to a babe whose existence would be odious to its savage uncle: but by the compassionate aid of the stranger, both the mother and her offspring might be preserved from his fury. The fair woman promised fidelity, and received the infant into a mantle of white fur, which she took from her chest, and deposited in the hollow of a rock lined with the feathers of Icelandick birds. She visited it often in secrecy and darkness, feeding it with the tenderest care, and hoping to repay, by her bounty to her foster-child, the kindness which had saved her life when wrecked on this desolate coast. But Thurida had seen the chest from whence the mantle had been taken, and coveted the remainder of its contents. Chance conducted the Pontiff Snorro to the track of a wolf, which he pursued till it brought him to the recess where, wrapped in down and beautiful as the god Amor, he discovered his sleeping nephew. Charmed by its loveliness, and touched to see the she-wolf administering milk to it, the high-priest brought home the babe, and placed it in his sister's lap. Thurida, watchful of the golden opportunity, accused the stranger of sorcery, and urged him to demand the coffer which contained her treasures. The unknown replied, "I am a wife, but not the mother of the babe. My name is Florice, and I have called him Wolfe-

lin, because wolves have been more merciful than his mother; but the chest is full of gold dust, and he who opens it shall lose his right foot and his left eye." Snorro seized her hands, put her forth from his hut into the midst of the torrent of snow-dust which fell from the mountains, calling on Thor * to exterminate a sorceress and her son.

Florice carried the babe wrapped in its mantle in her bosom, while the she-wolf walked by her side till they reached a round hill with a door of broad stones in the centre. The wolf breathed on it thrice, and at the third breath it opened, and they entered. Florice walked through a long gallery, where the air was soft and warm as a May-evening. The light was a silver twilight, but it came neither from windows nor lamps, but from the walls and roof, which were of clear transparent rock, crusted with bright stones. The folding doors opened into a spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The pillars were so lofty and so large, that the pillars of a church are no more to be compared to them than a hillock to a Benlomond. They were of gold and silver fretted with wreaths of flowers composed of coloured jewels. And the key-stones of the arches above, instead of coats of arms or other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds, in the same manner. From the middle of the roof where the principal arches met, was hung, by a gold chain, an immense lamp of one hollowed pearl, perfectly transparent, in which was suspended a large carbuncle that turn-

* Sir George Mackenzie mentions a peninsular in Iceland once called the throne of God Thor. Losing an eye is still supposed to be the penalty of peeping at fairy-matters.

ed continually round, and shed over the hall a clear mild light like the setting-sun's. Under a canopy at the farther end, on a gorgeous sofa, sat her sister, the Lady of the Garden of Roses, "combing her yellow hair with a silver comb."* She embraced her sister with great joy, and entreated to know by what chance she had been brought from their dear native country, Engelland, to a land so wild and distant. "Sister," said Rhodaline, "the yellow dwarf who governs all the surface of the earth, and all the riches of its interior, has built his palace in this hill. He tempted me to become his wife, and to exchange my garden of roses for his treasures: but I have no living companion, and every day I am compelled to look upon an altar of blazing diamonds which ends in a poisonous vapour. Still I live, and shall live for ages, unless you will aid me to return to Engelland."—"Alas!" replied Florice. "I came I know not how to this forlorn island, and have an orphan-babe in my arms which I cannot forsake. How shall we be rendered invisible?" And as she spoke she looked round her for the friendly wolf, which had disappeared, but a wreath of lilies lay on the place where it had stood. Florice placed it on her head, and the babe became invisible; but when she looked into a mirror made of a large diamond, which hung before her, she perceived that her whole person and attire were changed. She was now a green dwarf, with emerald eyes and hair of a varying and brilliant hue, like the crest of the mocking bird. Rhodalind embraced her rapturously; "You are now," she said, "the perfect likeness of my husband's brother. There are four of his family—the

yellow dwarf is the eldest and most powerful; Men call him Chrysos, or the Gold King, and see the splendour of his habitation. His father Odin named him Froth,* and bathed him in a dragon's blood, which has made him impenetrable in every part, except one he will not name. The Blue Dwarf governs the sylphs and inhabitants of the purer elements; and seldom leaves the sky to visit his brother's abode, which changes its colour to an earthly green. The Black Brother dwells in cities, and his subjects labour for him in volcanoes and hidden flames, except when an earthquake sends them abroad to rejoice. The youngest brother is unknown to me, and they say his mansion is in the whirlpool where all the oceans in the universe meet. Sister, dearest sister! I am the hundredth mortal wife that the yellow dwarf has stolen from our world. There is in one of the chambers of this palace a linden tree, whose branches seem loaded with singing birds. But this tree is made of gold, and its trunk is filled with organ-pipes that create the delicious melody we hear; and those whom it lulls to sleep must wake no more. Since my entrance into this splendid prison, I have never dared to sleep, lest I should be added to the number of unhappy wives whose ashes fill the diamond caskets you see round us."

Florice had no time to reply, for Chrysos entered, and shewed in his own palace all the hideousness of his person. The head † of this

† This story is told in one of the Books of Heroes. Dwarfs, says the preface, were created to inhabit hollow hills, discover gold and gems, and distinguish good and bad. Their turn-caps, or veils, made them invisible. Heroes were midway between dwarf and giants.

‡ See the Legends of Hughdietrich, in the Danish Book of Heroes.

* Vide "Northern Antiquities," Edinburgh edition; Animals were often gifted with elfish powers, like the she wolf's.

monstrous dwarf was an ell broad, his eyes yellow, his nose shaped like the horn of a ram; his hair rough as gum and white as a swan; his mouth of enormous width, and his ears like those of an ass. But his mantle was made of white silk brought from Arabia, embroidered with gems, and his vesture of the rarest ermine, covered by a sourcoat woven of the feathers of scarlet birds from Morocco and Lybia. On his head he wore the magical *tar-cap*, of unmatched power in Elf-land, studded with gold; and the brilliant richness of his dress increased his horrible ugliness. Florice (shuddered as he took her hand, mistaking her for the Green Dwarf, and exclaimed, "Ha, my good Brother! this visit is rightly timed. I have found for thee a bride of more beauty than my Rhodaland, and a boat of flowers has tempted her from her husband's land to mine. Wait till the morning comes, and Florice of Engelland shall be thine." "How can that be certain," replied Florice, "when she has with her the coronet of lilies which her husband gave as the token of his love and fidelity?"—"There is no token of love," said the yellow dwarf, "which a woman would not exchange for the gold bracelet which I offered. Since the days of our great-grandfather Odin, I have seen twelve thousand brides wear that coronet, and as many times I have seen it changed into a heap of dead lilies."—"Can it be thought," said Florice, "that the lady of Engelland will love me in this green attire, and in this hideous land of cold and desolation?"—"No," answered the Gold King, laughing,—“but my palace furnishes ornament to decorate a bridegroom. Take my *tar-cap* and my silken mantle; and when the evening star shines, our youngest brother's boat will come to this shore. The lady Florice dwells with the high-priest's sister, and will follow thee as she followed the mermaid in my boat of flowers.”—The pretended Green Dwarf paused awhile, and answered, "I have a fancy for thy vest, brother, to conceal my deformed shoulders"—“No part of my apparel should be denied to thee, except this,” said the sovereign of the gold mines; “but when Odin strove to make me invulnerable, a rose-leaf lay near my heart, and on that spot I am penetrable by a woman's hand; therefore I cannot give thee the armour that defends it.”—Florice said no more, and the yellow dwarf clapping his hands, summoned all his gnomes to prepare a feast for his brother. Fruits of all kinds were spread in shells of pearl laid on tables supported by peacocks, whose outspread wings were composed of precious stones. He knew his brother would taste nothing except the dew gathered from Persian roses, and a cup was brought which had been filled from the gardens of Shirauz. At length the yellow dwarf sank on the rich couch prepared for him in a deep sleep: and his wife, lifting the mail of plaited gold from his breast, saw the print of a rose-leaf on the part which admitted a wound. She would have pierced it with his own poignard, but Florice would not permit a deed of treachery. She only took the cap and mantle he had offered, and placing them on her sister, they passed unresisted through all the marble doors of his palace. But when they had reached the last, Florice remembered the infant she had left sleeping unseen in her enemy's chamber. Her sister would have prevented her return; but she replied, "I will not abandon the innocent and the helpless." Chrysos was still asleep, and she brought the babe safely away in its mantle. When they reached the coast, a boat was moored among the rocks, without oar or

sail; but a gold bracelet and a few roses lay on the edge. Heedless of her sister's safety, and eager only to secure her own, Rhodalind leaped into this deceitful boat, which instantly disappeared. Florice looked in despair at the dark waters, when another boat transparent as crystal, and steered by a White Dwarf of the most diminutive stature, touched the shore. His face shone in the moon-beams like the smallest leaf of a lily, and his cloak seemed as light and thin as if it had been woven of the May-fly's* wings. Florice placed the sleeping babe's mantle on the helm, hoping that the touch of a creature so innocent would dissolve the work of an evil spirit, but the boat remained unchanged, and the helmsman spoke in a voice as soft as the musick of a reed tuned by the south-wind. "Enter Florice!—my boat is framed of air and light, and will convey no freight except innocence and beauty. The Green Serpent Midgao, whose folds encircle the world, has received your sister, and conveyed her to the burning mountain of this island, where the Black Dwarf will avenge her treachery to his brother. But the presence of this innocent babe will smooth our way through the waters."—Florice placed herself in the boat, and sang the hymn to the Sea-King as her pilot steered. Yet her courage failed when they sunk into a fog so white and so vast as to confound both sight and hearing. "Is our home near?" she said; but the White Dwarf was no longer visible, and his voice even from the helm could not be heard. It seemed as if they had traversed a thousand miles before a blue bird came through the mist, and alighted on the helm. Then Florice perceived that a wall of ice, two hundred fathoms deep

below the sea and half as many above it, hung over their course. "Our home is near," said the white pilot, as he turned his boat under an arch which shone like a rainbow through the vapour. Arch after arch rose before them, till that vapour gathered in folds which hung as if they had been fleeces of silver over a hall built of diamonds. The floor was of pearl carpeted with lilies, and the boat as it approached it changed into a chariot drawn by swans. Florice looked for the dwarfish pilot, but she saw her husband Blanchefleur in the beauty of his youth. He placed her on the throne of his polar kingdom, and shewed her his secret gardens among a thousand hills of ice, where all the elves of Faery-land hold their revels. Her first-born daughter married the sons of Thurida and Biorn, and their children dwell in the green valley of an ice-berg. The Elf King of the North has vowed that none but the sons of Engelland shall unveil his throne, since none but a woman of Engelland was found worthy to share it.

* * * * *

Here ends all that tradition has preserved of the first founders of this Arctick colony, and their descent from our ancestors is evinced by the exact resemblance their legend bears to those which the most distinguished poet of our sister kingdom has lately ushered into the modern world. The heroick songs of Denmark, collected by the orders of Sophia when storm-stayed at Knutstrup, whither she had gone to see Tycho Brahe's observatory, abound in such wild tales of dwarfs, mermaids, and garden of roses, as our Arctic islander has collected. And the romantick ballads lately translated from the Icelandick language, especially Ulrich and Annie, Child Axelvold, the Maiden and the Hæsel, Stark Tiderich and Olger

* The May-fly, or Marienwurmchen, makes a figure in Northern romance.

Danske, Ribolt and Gulborg, and this romantick history of their origin may not appear in the "Book of Heroes," "the Nibelungen Lay," or any other illustration of Northern Antiquities, it may claim a place among the legends dedicated to St. Julian, the patron-saint of travellers. And though

REMARKABLE DAYS IN APRIL, 1819.

From Time's Telescope.

(Concluded from page 220.)

24. 1816.—THOMAS JHONES DIED. **T**HIS amiable man was for many years known to the world, in a variety of publick capacities; as a senator, a planter, an agriculturist, an ornamental gardener, and a man of letters. His translations of Froissart and Monstrelet are a real acquisition to English literature, and are eminent proofs of his talents and industry. His good *taste* was particularly shown in the erection of a splendid mansion at *Hafod*, South Wales, and in the laying out of his grounds. He strictly followed nature. No incongruous ornaments, no studied surprises, no frivolity of decoration, broke in upon the harmony of the scene. The bleakness of the hills, indeed, he obviated by the means of trees, of which, in the course of sixteen years, he planted no less than 2,065,000. As these grew up, they added to the beauty of the ever-varying prospect, which was rendered the more rich and interesting by the contrast which it presented to the lengthened sterility with which it was surrounded; a perfect *Eden* situated in the midst of a perfect *wilderness*. But this paradise did not long escape the flaming sword: while Mr. Jones was attending his parliamentary duties, the noble mansion, and a great part

of his fine library, were destroyed by fire! His wife and daughter were saved with the greatest difficulty!

In the hour of affliction, Mr. Jones never gave way to despondency. He bore this heavy loss with fortitude and equanimity. Grateful to that Providence which had spared to him the objects of his chief solicitude, he diverted his mind from unavailing regrets as to the past, by laying plans for the future. That this is not a fanciful representation of the tone of his mind on this trying occasion, is evinced by the following letter, in which he announced to one of his friends the intelligence of the destruction of his princely mansion:—

London, March 16, 1807.

"My dear S—,

"I shall begin with good news. I came here last Thursday very well—My wife and child are very well.—I have sold the priory well.—Now the reverse of the medal is, that *Hafod* was burnt down last Friday.—No lives lost.—Thank God it was not worse.—To-day I set out for the ruins.—I must renew the fable of the Phoenix.

"Always yours, most sincerely,

"T. JONES."

"P. S. I fear the precious cahiers of Monstrelet have perished."

The fable of the Phoenix *was* renewed; and another mansion, with

many improvements, arose from the ruins of the former. The loss of his only daughter some time afterwards, added to a lingering complaint, contributed to embitter the last days of Mr. Johnes: he retired into Devonshire to seek a milder air, for the recovery of his health, but without effect. A very interesting memoir of this accomplished scholar and amiable man will be found in the "Annual Biography and Obituary for 1807," p. 533, from which we have extracted the above particulars.

SAINT MARK.

St. Mark's Gospel was written in the year 63. The order of knights of St. Mark at Venice, under the protection of this evangelist, was instituted in the year 1327, the reigning doge being always grand master:—their motto was, "*Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista, Meus.*"

ROGATION SUNDAY.

This day takes its name from the Latin term *rogare*, to ask; because, on the three subsequent days, *supplications* were appointed by Marmertus, Bishop of Vienna, in the year 469, to be offered up with fasting to God, to avert some peculiar calamities that threatened his diocese.

27. 1894.—SIR WILLIAM JONES DIED.

It may convey some idea of the facility of his talents, and the exquisiteness of his memory, when it is recorded, that he understood no less than *twenty eight languages*, eight of which had been acquired with critical correctness. In respect to his literary achievements also, they were so numerous as to exhibit an Herculean task never before attempted, or attained, in an equal number of years.

His celebrity, indeed, is astonishing, and, in point of character, his

is one of the fairest of the age in which he lived, both as to integrity and patriotism; while in respect to genius, general literature, and deep research, it is second to none, in the annals of his country. Pious, regular, punctual in the discharge of all his duties; he was a perfect model in private life. Patient, indefatigable, uncorrupt, and at the same time gifted with a wonderful degree of precision and equanimity; he exhibited the perfect pattern of an upright Judge: critically acquainted with the architecture of the English constitution, he admired that noble fabrick, in its primeval Saxon simplicity; and lamented that its noble Gothic arch had been disfigured and undermined by the modern torrent of corruption. So pure was he in regard to his principles, that he obtained the appellation of the "English Cato;" so universal in respect to attainments, that he bore a near resemblance to the "admirable Crichton," while a learned Dutch Professor* termed him "the Phœnix of his day, and the ornament of the age."

It is greatly to be lamented that Sir William Jones did not succeed in his wish to represent his *alma mater* (Oxford) in Parliament, as it would have detained him in England, and might have preserved, for many additional years, a life so precious to his country. This was the object of his highest ambition; and one for which, as he himself was accustomed to say, he would gladly have sacrificed "not only an Indian Judgeship of six thousand a year; but a Nabobship, with as many millions."

To conclude, he literally sacrificed his life to a nice sense of duty,—the completion of a code of laws for our Hindoo and Moham-
medan subjects in India;—and was

* H. A. Schultens.

worthy to live either in the times of Harmodius and Aristogiton, to whose triumph he attuned his lyre ; or of Hampden and Sidney, whose lives and whose death alike constituted the theme of his eulogium."*

APRIL — 1756.—WILLIAM GIFFORD
BORN,

author of the well known translation of Juvenal, and writer of the most interesting piece of auto-biography ever produced, prefixed to his Juvenal. The following beautiful lines are from the same pen :

I wish I was where Anna lies ;
For I am sick of ling'ring here,
And every hour Affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could ! For when she died
I lost my all ; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely, and unloved.—

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business
there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flow'rs she cherished, snowdrops
cold,
And vi'lets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould ?

And who, while mem'ry loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it ; and, would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still de-
plore—
But health and strength have left me
now,
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

* See "Annual Biography and Obituary for 1817," p. 444, where is an excellent life of Sir William Jones, which does ample justice to his political principles, a subject scarcely noticed by Lord Teignmouth. Some original and important letters have been also inserted in his new life.

Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,

The last I offer at thy shrine ;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy mem'ry fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with musick vie,
Thy air, that ev'ry gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye.

Thy spirits, frolicsome, as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good humour—Can they
"fade!"

ASCENSION DAY.

From the earliest times this day was set apart to commemorate our Saviour's ascension into heaven: all processions on this, and the preceding rogation days, were abolished at the reformation. In London, on this day, the minister, accompanied by the church-wardens, and a number of boys, with wands, walk in procession, and *beat the bounds* of the parish. But this is not always practised, nor in every year.

Holy Thursday was formerly a day of great festivity at *Beziers*, a town in the south of France, and was celebrated with a variety of little sports. A whimsical procession, called the procession of the Camel, constituted a part of them. A figure representing that animal, with a man in the inside, was paraded about the town, and, by means of some machinery which the man directed, the figure was made to perform many ridiculous tricks, to the great amusement of the spectators. The municipal officers, attended by the companies of the different trades and manufactures, preceded the camel ; it was followed by a cart, over which were branches of trees twined into an arbour, and filled with as many people as could be possibly crammed into it: the cart was drawn by mules ornamented with bunches of flowers and ribands ; a number of people stuck over with flowers and

little twigs of trees, who were called the wild men, followed the cart and closed the procession. After parading about the town all day, towards evening the whole company repaired to the chapel of the Blue Penitents, where they were met by the chapter of the cathedral, who had previously also gone in procession round the town, and then a large quantity of bread was given away by the chapter among the poor. Hence the day was called, in the language of the country, *lou jour de caritach*, the day of charity.

Another part of the ceremonies of the day was, that the peasants from the country for a great way round assembled in the streets with crooks in their hands, and, ranging themselves in long files on each side, made mock skirmishes with their crooks, aiming strokes at each other, in parrying which great dexterity was shown, and great emulation which should parry them the best. There were commonly many skirmishes in the course of the day, and each ended with a dance to the musick of the fife and tambourin.

The inhabitants of the town also carried on among themselves a little warfare, in throwing sugar-plums and dried fruit at each other, from their windows, or as they passed in the streets.

Finally, the day was concluded by a favourite dance among the young men and women, called *la danse des treilles*. Every dancer carries a *cerceau*, as it is called, that is a half hoop, twined with vine branches; and ranging themselves in long files on each side of the street, they form different groups, and in the evolutions of the dance, make a variety of figures with the *cerceaux*, with wonderful grace and agility. The young men were all dressed in white jackets and trowsers, and the young women in white jackets with short petticoats, and ornaments of flowers and ribands.—(See *Plumtre's Residence in France*, vol. iii. p. 28.)

These curious sports were suspended during the Revolution, but, since the return of the *ancien regime*, have again contributed to amuse the people.

VARIETIES.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BEAUTY IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND ITALY. BY M. STENDHAL.

Ancona, May 27.

I MET, at St. Cirac, a Russian general, a friend of Erfurt, who had just come from Paris.

A physical peculiarity of the French shocked my Russian friend very much; the dreadful leanness of the most of the *danseuses* at the Opera. In fact, it seems to me, on reflection, that many of our fashionable women who are extremely slender, have caused this circumstance to enter into the idea of beauty. Leanness is in France

considered necessary to an elegant air. In Italy, people think, very rationally, that the first condition of it is the air of health, without which there is no voluptuousness.

The Russian is of opinion that beauty is very rare among the French ladies. He maintains that the finest figures he saw at Paris were English women.

If we take the trouble to count in the Bois de Boulogne, out of a hundred French women, eighty are agreeable, and hardly one beautiful. Out of a hundred English women, thirty are grotesque, forty are decidedly ugly, twenty tolerably well,

though *maussades*, and ten divinities on this earth, from the freshness and innocence of their beauty.

Out of a hundred Italian women, thirty are caricatures, with face and neck besmeared with rouge and powder, fifty are beautiful, but with no other attraction than an air of voluptuousness; the twenty others are of antique beauty, the most overpowering, and, in our opinion, surpass even the most beautiful English women. English beauty seems avaricious, without soul and life, beside the divine eyes which Heaven has given to Italy.

The form of the bones in the hand is ugly at Paris; it approximates to that of the monkey, and it prevents the women from resisting the attacks of age. The three most beautiful women of Rome are certainly more than 45. Paris is farther north; and yet such a miracle was never yet observed there. I observed to the Russian general, that Paris and Champagne were the parts of France where the configuration of the head partakes least of beauty. The women of Payes de Caux, (in Normandy,) and of Arles, (in Provence,) approximate more to the beautiful forms of Italy. Here and there is always some grand feature, even in the heads of the most decidedly ugly. Some idea may be formed of this, from the heads of the old women of Lionardo da Vinci, and of Raphael.

As to male beauty, after the Italians, we give the preference to young Englishmen, when they escape clumsiness.

A young Italian peasant that happens to be ugly, is frightful; the French peasant is silly; and the English is vulgar.

AFFECTING, BUT UNCONSCIOUS RE- PROOF OF A CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

Lady Strathmore, who broke her first husband's heart by the violence of her temper and her want of feeling—a conduct which her second

spouse, Mr. Bowes, punished by nearly breaking her bones through a more manual exercise of qualities similar to her own—lavished all the affection with which nature had endowed her, on a large black cat. This animal was her bosom friend, her constant companion, the object of all her caresses, and a never-failing guest at her ladyship's breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper-table; where, when *en famille*, it was not only served first, but served of the best and rarest dainties, in preference to her child. It happened one day, when she had bestowed even more than her usual fond attention on Grimalkin, that her son, a strikingly fine boy, sighed deeply, and sorrowfully fixing his eyes on the dingy favourite, exclaimed, in a voice pathetically impressive, "O! how I wish I were a black cat!"—"A black cat!" every one reiterated—"What can you mean, my dear boy, by so strange a wish?"—"Because," replied the child, "my mother would then love me!"

Guess the feelings of the company at a reply so full of affection and simplicity. They could not at the time be expressed, by those who composed it, nor can words be found to do so now.

REIGNING FAMILIES OF EUROPE.

There are at present twelve families in Europe that are dignified by the possession of Royal Crowns, and eight that reign under the titles of Grand Dukes, Dukes, and Princes, making altogether twenty reigning families. Of the twelve Royal Families, there are two French, eight German, one Italian by descent, but German by patrimony, and one Asiatic. We shall name them in their alphabetical order:—

1. The Family of Alsace, descended from Etichon, Duke of Alsace. This Lord is the common stock of the Houses of Hapsbourg and Lorraine, now confounded in the House of Zaringen, whence that of

Baden is derived. The House of Lorraine reigns in Austria, Tuscany, and Modena. In this latter country it has, within our time, taken the name of Este.

2. The Family of Bernadotte, that reigns over Scandinavia.

3. The House of Capet, or of France, is continued in the family of Bourbon, which reigns in France, Spain, Naples, and provisionally in Lucca, until it recovers the State of Parma. There is another Capetian branch, which, however, is not the issue of legitimate marriage. From this bastard scion springs the House of Braganza, that reigns in Portugal.

4. The house of Guelfe, originally of Italy, where, however, it has no possessions. It is the younger branch of the ancient and real House of Este. The Guelfes are divided into two branches, the younger of which bears the crowns of Great Britain and Ireland, and Hanover; while the elder, less favoured by fortune, but not less illustrious by the merit of its princes, reigns under the name of Brunswick.

5. The House of Hohenzollern experienced a similar fate as that of the Guelfes. The elder branch of this family has preserved its modest patrimony in Suabia, while the younger branch, transplanted to the north, has founded the Prussian Monarchy.

6. The House of Holstein bears the Imperial Crown of Russia, and that of Denmark; and not long since it reigned also in Sweden. One of the branches of this House governs the Grand Duchy of Oldenbourg.

7. The House of Nassau is also one of those of which the younger branch has acquired a more brilliant destiny than the elder. After many vicissitudes, the younger line of this House is seated on the throne of the Netherlands; the elder governs the Duchy of Nassau.

8. The House of Osman, of Turkish origin, now reduced by a barbarous policy to one Prince in the flower of his age, and two young children.

9. The House of Savoy. The House bears the crown of Sardinia.

10. The House of Wettin, or of Misnia, which reigns in Saxony, where the younger line bears the royal title. The elder branch is honoured with several Ducal and Grand Ducal titles.

11. The House of Wittelsbach bears the Crown of Bavaria.

12. The Royal House of Wirtemberg.

The following families are of different religions:—

Those of Alsace, Lorraine, Hohenzollern, Holstein, Wettin or Misnia. One family is Mussulman.

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for Dec. 1818.

A FAREWELL.

FATE decrees, and we must sever,
Oh, perchance to meet no more!

Can'st thou leave me thus for ever

Mourning on a distant shore?—

Can'st thou but I will not number

Feelings, thou may'st guess so well—

Every thought of grief shall slumber

In my bosom's silent cell!

Go!—fame—duty's call obeying—

Be the meed of merit thine;

Here no more thy steps delaying,

Waste thy hours at Folly's shrine.

No, lov'd youth, I will not pain thee,
I'll no longer urge thy stay!

Sighs of mine shall not detain thee;

Speed thy parting!—Hence!—away!

And, where'er thy footsteps wander,

May thy path through roses lie,—

May each friend thou meet'st prove fonder—

Worthier thy regard than I!—

Pride, my lonely anguish chiding,

Talks of wealth and lofty birth:

What are they—how quickly gliding—

Balanced in the scale with worth.

Oft my mind the past retraces—
Communes with itself apart—
What are RICHES?—mental graces!
What is RANK? a noble heart!
These in thee I know are blended—
These I know are all thine own;
And I joy thou'rt thus befriended,
These will stay when *those* are gone.

When this envious breeze hath borne thee
O'er yon gently murmuring sea;
Once again to Gallia turn thee—
Once again remember me!
When deep thoughts of gloom oppress-
ing,
Chill thy heart and dim thine eye,
Think of her—thy name still blessing—
Who was wont to share thy sigh.

Who—when from “gay circles stealing,”
Thou hast sought a lone retreat—
Shared with thee thy “bursts of feeling,”
Shared—and deem'd her sorrow sweet.
And when beneath the moon's pale beam
Thou pour'st thy bashful minstrelsy,
Think then perchance the self-same gleam
May shed its soothing light on me:

And if thou breath'st a mournful mea-
sure,
Oh! let that thought to joy give birth;
But if thy lyre be strung to pleasure,
I would not have it mar thy mirth.
The wind is up—the white sail setting
I must not—dare not look again:
Farewell!—be happy; ne'er forgetting
The soother of thy former pain. E.

From the same.

LINES,

*Written in a Blank Leaf of Lord Byron's
Bride of Abydos.*

Know'st thou the land, where the hardy
green thistle,
The red-blooming heath and the hare-
bell abound;
Where oft o'er the mountains the shep-
herd's shrill whistle
Is heard in the gloaming so sweetly to
sound?—
Know'st thou the land of the mountain
and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages
hath stood;
Where the eagle comes forth on the
wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rocked on the
high Cairn-gorm?—
Know'st thou the land, where the cold
Celtick wave
Encircles the hills which its blue waters
lave;

Where the virgins are pure as the gems
of the sea,
And their spirits are light, as their ac-
tions are free?
'Tis the land of thy sires!—'tis the land
of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glow'd with
honour and truth;
Where the wild fire of genius first caught
thy young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free
from control!
Then why does that fancy still dwell on
a clime
Where Love leads to Madness, and Mad-
ness to Crime;
Where courage itself is more savage than
brave;
Where man is a despot—and woman a
slave?
Tho' soft are the breezes, and sweet the
perfumes,
And fair are the “gardens of God” in
their bloom;
Can the odors they scatter—the roses
they bear
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion and
fear?
Ah, no! 'tis the magick that glows in
thy strain,
Gives life to the action, and soul to the
scene!
And the deeds which they do, and the
tales which they tell,
Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell!
And is there no charm in thine own na-
tive earth?
Does no talisman rest on the place of thy
birth?
Are the daughters of Albion less worthy
thy care,
Less soft than ZULEIKA—less bright than
GULNARE?
Are her sons less renowned, or her war-
riors less brave
Than the slaves of a prince—who him-
self is a slave?
Then strike thy wild lyre—let it swell
with the strain,
Let the mighty in arms live, and conquer
again;
Their past deeds of valour thy lays shall
rehearse;
And the fame of thy country revive in
thy verse.
The proud wreath of vict'ry round he-
roes may twine,
'Tis the POET who crowns them with
honours divine!
And thy laurels, PELIDES, had sunk in the
tomb,
Had the Bard not preserv'd them, im-
mortal in bloom!